We Are Shaped and Fashioned By What We Love

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/13534476.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Post-Episode: s03e13 The Wrath of the Lamb, Murder Husbands, Fluff, Will Loves Hannibal, Hannibal Loves Will, will is a little shit, Cuddling, Idiots in Love, Attempted Seduction, it kind of works? somehow?, because Hannibal is a Sap, Soft Hannibal, Will is a slut
Language:	English
Series:	Part 8 of I'm Very Fawned of You, My Deer
Stats:	Published: 2018-01-31 Words: 1,167 Chapters: 1/1

We Are Shaped and Fashioned By What We Love

by amoralagent

Summary

"Do you think you could read that and fuck me at the same time?"

"With great effort, perhaps." He could've rolled his eyes at the question, but didn't.

Will has been alive for many slutty, slutty years- against most people's wishes. Hannibal can be catastrophically good at ignoring (or pretending to ignore) him, even when he's in a mood. But he eventually gives in.

Eventually.

Notes

Title: By Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe (what a lad, am I right?)

Whilst washing his face in the ensuite, Will turned to Hannibal who was lying in bed, naked, muted blue sheets sprawled about his waist. His cheekbones lined by the orange of the bedside lamp, holding a book above his chest, reading. It was either Doctor Faustus, or that Tales of Werther novel, Will didn't check: "Show me the snarl again!" Hannibal didn't glance away from the page he was on, simply curled his lips into a fleeting grimace, like a wave against a shore. Will laughed loudly, echoing in the starkness of the bathroom: "Beautiful!"

Hannibal smiled then too, still not pausing his reading, "You say that as if it's something you haven't seen before."

"Oh, I'm used to seeing it." Will chuckled back, wiping his face on a towel, "I just think it suits you." He ran to the bed and the mattress abruptly undulated under him as he dived on top of the man, straddling his waist. It was a surprise that a knee didn't land somewhere it shouldn't- that had happened a few times before. Hannibal hardly flinched in response, just moved his open book from between them.

"I don't understand how a look of such distaste can bring you so much pleasure." Hannibal offered, looking at him for a long moment, in quieted awe and placed a mindless hand on Will's inner thigh, then returning to looking at his book, his neck and jaw exposed now. Will bent over to nose and kiss at them.

"It's not always in distaste." Hannibal knew what he was referring to, and didn't comment, "It makes you look angry. Dangerous."

"You don't need reminding of my nature, Will."

"I *love* being reminded." His voice was muffled in the crux between Hannibal's throat and collarbone, feeling his pulse beneath his lips. Slipping his hands slightly underneath his ribs in an attempt of an embrace, Will angled his head so he could read too. Hannibal's broad palm came to caressed the small of his back. He spoke like he was bored, "I want you to fuck me."

Hannibal's right eyebrow twitched up as his only physical response, "Again?"

Will scoffed, "Oh, how awful for you." He spoke, acerbic, right against the line of his jaw, "It's so difficult to be wanted."

Hannibal allowed himself a sigh, "I'm afraid I have to be up early in the morning."

"Well, we can choose what we *have* to do. Don't act like you don't know that. You can *do* me!" In reply, Hannibal only hummed, his hand stopping it's motions down Will's spine to lay against his hip. He made a point of ignoring Will's slight movements against the top of his thigh. Will sounded almost childishly impatient when he spoke: "Do you think you could read that and fuck me at the same time?"

"With great effort, perhaps." He could've rolled his eyes at the question, but didn't.

"You're the love of my life." He tried, hearing when Hannibal's heart stuttered almost imperceptibly, "You're the fire in my loins."

"Mm-hmm." Will sighed softly, somewhat defeated. A silence stretched out too long. The sound of a page turning interrupted it. Will considered.

"Please?" And with that, the book was dropped on the side and Will was suddenly underneath him, being kissed all over his face and chest, unfurling laughter: "Did you just fucking snarl at me when you did that?" Hannibal kept scraping his teeth over his skin until Will grabbed at his hair and made him look up. A devilishly small smile answered his own.

"I shouldn't allow you to manipulate me like I do."

"*Manipulate*, he says. Like he's not responsible." Hannibal loomed over him, caging him in with the breadth of his shoulders, intensely kissing him once.

Hannibal spoke against his stubbled jaw, grumbling, "Are you in control?"

"Are you forfeiting control?" He countered, snaking a hand up to press it against the hair on his chest, gripping there, sensing his heartbeat thump against his sternum, "Would you, if I wanted you to?"

"You already know the answer to that." He declared, kissing him again, carefully, "I could let your words devastate me. I have before."

"I'd say you're trying to exonerate yourself from-- *actually*, yeah, blame me if you're tired tomorrow. I'll be *proud*." He leant up, meeting a waiting kiss with force, his hands coming up to cradle his head. In the middle of it, Hannibal relinquished, and he found himself being pinched about the hips, and Will cried out a laugh, hitting back, "*Hey! Hey*-- ah, get *off!"*

Hannibal stopped tickling him to kiss again, letting Will wiggle and gently thrust up his hips in search of contact underneath him: "You're *devious*."

"You're a *sap*."

Making a low, soft noise akin to a growl, Hannibal slid his hands over the sensitive flesh of his ribs and came to rest back down with his chin on Will's stomach, admiring him. Will smiled openly, carding his hands through his hair like he would a dog. Hannibal blinked at him, not really asking a question when he says: "You think I can't resist you?"

Will inclined his head, squinting, "*Can* you resist me?" He traced the bow of Hannibal's lip with his thumb, and the touch was leant into.

"No," There was amusement in the lines around his eyes, mirth within them, "But I prefer when you ask me very nicely, so I don't feel like as much of a sap as you think I am."

A grin marred Will's otherwise disastrously heated look, "That's disgraceful. And a lie- you'd do whatever I asked of you. You just told me that. It wouldn't matter how I say it." Hannibal didn't disagree, and moved his mouth across the edge of Will's stomach scar, making chills

flicker across his nape, heat to his groin, "Come here." Hannibal obliged, albeit painfully slowly.

He finally ghosted his lips over Will's, and settled heavy between his thighs, voice quiet, but punctuated by the press of his body: "I could never resist you."

Will hummed, halfway to a groan, "I don't want you to resist this."

"To resist w--" They flipped over, and Will somehow landed atop Hannibal's chest, pushing air from his lungs. That must've been on purpose. Will looked down at him, his upturned palms, his deep, maroon eyes; he traced the line of his jugular, up to his jaw, his Cupid's bow. Being caught in his gaze, Hannibal could've waxed poetry, or could have died happy- it was as if he could feel him carving a space for himself in his chest beside his heart. It was ethereal to him, to see this-- to see Will like this.

"I want you to forfeit control. I want you to indulge me. I want to feel your teeth--" He pushed a thumb into his mouth, that was readily accepted, and he held back another smirk. Hannibal's eyes went dark but... soft, "I want you to shut up. For once." No response. *Good*, "Now, *open*."

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!